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of a seven-headed cow, and to comport themselves in a way which, in their saner moments, is calculated to cause them chagrin, the medical profession but voices the opinions and will have the support of all of the intelligent, self-respecting portion of our community.

SARAH E. POST, M. D.

II.

SOME NEWLY-DISCOVERED HEROES.

THE country has, these many years, been pretty well informed about "Daniel Boone and the hunters of Kentucky," and, indeed, the early history of none of the older States has been more thoroughly written than that of this heroic commonwealth. But neither Harrod, nor Logan, nor Boone planted the first American colony beyond the Alleghanies. That was done by James Robertson along the Watauga, in what is now Eastern Tennessee, in 1770, four years before Harrod settled Harrodsburg, and five before Boone built a fort at Boonesborough. But about these first pioneers the country knew next to nothing till so late as 1886, when the Appletons issued the first volume of James R. Gilmore's (Edmund Kirke's) series of southwestern histories.

This first volume, "The Rear-Guard of the Revolution," Mr. Gilmore prefaced with the bold statement that these Watauga settlers "thrice saved the country by thwarting the British plan to envelop and crush the southern colonies, and by turning the tide of the Revolution at King's Mountain," and, after the Revolutionary War, "frustrated the design of Spain to dismember and weaken the Union by causing the erection of a separate republic in the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi"; and he pronounced the three Watauga leaders—John Sevier, Isaac Shelby, and James Robertson—"characters worthy of the most heroic ages." These statements, if substantiated, would give these three unknown men an exalted place in our annals, and show Tennessee to have acted no inconsiderable part in achieving our independence; and we are bound to say that Mr. Gilmore seems to have substantiated them by the facts comprised in his three volumes, and thereby to have added a new and important chapter to American history.

But still the questions will arise, Why has no one else given us these facts, and why have they been so long buried under the dust of the past century? These questions are not yet answered, but, in Mr. Phelan's recent and well-written history of Tennessee, we have, from a native Tennessean, an indorsement of these facts and of Mr. Gilmore's estimate of the three Watauga leaders; and, moreover, Mr. Phelan fortifies his opinions by reference to a list of authorities which covers no less than sixteen closely-printed pages. Of John Sevier he says: "He was, in his sphere, a statesman of the first order; as a warrior, he was excelled by none who engaged in the same mode of warfare, and that he never lost a battle claims for him a high place among the great men of the world." "He is," says Mr. Phelan, "one of the heroes of our history; and he grows larger and more resplendent as he advances. He is the most brilliant military and civil figure this State has ever produced. Without him the history of Tennessee would, in many important respects, not be what it now is. He defined its boundaries, watched over and guarded its beginning, helped to form it, and exercised a decisive influence upon its development." "His claim to a higher order of ability is justified by his clear vision of the present needs of his people, and of the future requirements of the State, whose greatness he foresaw," and "his diplomacy and generalship hastened the settlement of Tennessee by a number of years which cannot be calculated." Mr. Phelan says, further, that Sevier's "enthusiasm, his personal daring, his resolute quickness, his knightly disposition, made him the idol of his soldiers and his neighbors. The grim mountaineers worshipped him with an extravagance of adoration. They loved him with a warm, almost intense, personal regard." "Sevier not only possessed great popularity; he deserved it. The basis of his character was laid in sincerity, in truth, and in honor. He was loved, because he had a loving heart. The gentle word, the quick sympathy, the open hand, the high purpose, the dauntless courage, the impetuosity, the win-

ning suavity, were the wings and the turrets and the battlements of a magnificent and harmonious structure. The most beautiful trait of Sevier's character was the exquisite sweetness of his disposition."

All this agrees perfectly with Mr. Gilmore's estimate of Sevier, and a like agreement is observable between Mr. Phelan's view of Shelby and Robertson and Mr. Gilmore's admiration of those remarkable characters. Indeed, so closely do these two authors agree in their facts, and harmonize in their opinions, that a cursory reader might be tempted to conclude that the first two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Phelan's book were a mere rewriting of Mr. Gilmore's previous volume. But this supposition is disproved by the evidence of personal investigation which nearly every one of Mr. Phelan's pages gives. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses," it has been said, "every word may be established"; and here we have the testimony of two independent and reliable witnesses to the fact that the country has had heroes and statesmen of eminent ability of whom it has known nothing. We are bound to accept such testimony, and we are glad to welcome these new heroes to our National Walhalla, and to concede the fact that the noble "Volunteer State" did not begin her glorious career with the Creek War or the battle of New Orleans.

S. FORSYTHE.

III.

HOW ARTEMUS WARD BECAME A LECTURER.

ARTEMUS WARD was undoubtedly the greatest humorist America has yet produced. He was genial and companionable, but not a great conversationalist, nor did he scatter the scintillations of his wit and humor broadcast, but, on the contrary, was modest and reticent in company, and only once in a while set the table in a roar with some dry joke, at which he never laughed himself. In fact, Artemus could not make an off-hand speech at all, and even the simplest of responses had to be written out and committed to memory.

It may be interesting to know how the great humorist came to take to the lecture platform, when, before his great success in that line, he had confined himself exclusively to the pen; and, as I had a finger in the pie, I will relate it. About thirty years ago there was a paper published in this city by several brothers named Stephens, called *Vanity Fair*, having for contributors such men as Thackeray, Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Stanley, and, in fact, all the literary talent of the country, with editors such as Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp, and Frank Wood; and yet it was plain that the public did not want it, and it was about to give up the ghost, when the publishers consulted me as to what they should do. My advice was to get an editor who was well known for his comic proclivities, and advertise him as connected with the paper, and I declared that there were only two men in the whole country who filled the bill—John G. Saxe and Artemus Ward, whose real name I did not then know. I knew that Saxe could not be had, as he was a candidate for Governor of Vermont; therefore the publishers empowered me to correspond with Artemus and offer him \$30 per week and travelling expenses to come to New York as the new editor. The response was immediate acceptance, and \$25 and two weeks' salary were forwarded,—he afterward told me the offer was a godsend, as he was getting but \$10 a week on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, as a reporter,—and in a few days Browne arrived in New York and assumed the chair. The paper languished on for a few months, and then went the way of all funny papers.

One day, when this had happened, I was walking up Broadway and regretting the result, for I had become very much attached to Browne. He was talking about going back to Cleveland and resuming his old position, when I suggested to him that he try lecturing. At this he laughed, declaring himself totally unfit, not being able to speak in public at all, and having no subject. I insisted, and gave him, as a subject, "Ghosts," New York at the time being very much exercised over a foolish humbug got up in the newspapers and called "The Twenty-seventh-Street Ghost." Before we parted, Artemus had promised to write such a lecture and to meet a knot of literary and artist friends the next evening at Pfaff's, on Broadway, near Bleecker